

MODERN OPEN SEAS

WILLIAM ASTLE

Watch it dribble across the speeding window panes
Air crushing against the metal case
Upon the grinding brass and steel frames
Alone on an early morning voyage
The covered sky littered with dim streetlights
Of a city wet with urban tears
The swaying motions disturbing those who write
The beauty of a skylight for a simple child
Pitter-patter of the torrential rain an ironic love
Drenching the cores of their urban souls
Pools of drops never grow old
When this boy becomes a ship's captain
But barely able to touch his toes
To lead a crew of imaginary men
Roll little man, Roll
None can measure the passion's flow
Through the crosswalks you sail
And the ship's stern about to turn
With rich aroma bound to the liquid streets
Your coat and jacket serve no purpose
A lovely feeling of drenched feet
Darkest shades of grey
On the sidewalk, cobblestone and blacktop seas
Tells the boy captain his time of day
Bricks and Steel; his rocks on this city's bay
Reflection of harbor lamps and lights
Fighting lanes and waves of gas monsters breaching Seaworthy souls
of the sound, Bright.